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Of every description, executed in the neatest
manner, at the usual prices.
OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle
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Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria.

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THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

BY J. F. BOW.

Ho! give me my father's silent gun
Baptized in the blood of Lexington;
And over my youthful bosom fling
His powder-horn with its crimson string—
And spread around me his blanket warm,
That I may battle the winter's storm:
So bless me, mother, with tears of joy,
For I am a wild Green Mountain boy.

The hills that smile in the morning beam,
And echo the eagle's matin scream;
The shady rivers that bow down
Like the gusty tide of a drinking song;
The pensive vale, and the laughing loe,
That came through the Revolution tree;
They wait to echo my shout of joy,
For I am a wild Green Mountain boy.

Oh tell me not that the South forget
The breast that leaped to the bayonet,
When Eutaw mingled her fountain's flood
With the crimson tide of New England blood,
And the soldier drooped 'mid the tangled vines,
And found a grave in the Carolines;
Oh, she'll receive me with shouts of joy,
For I am a wild Green Mountain boy.

My grandsire stood, with his mountaineers,
By the sunny vales of the cavaliers,
And gathered amid the sylvan glen,
To the wild halloo of Marion's men,
And listen'd to Sumpter's rifles ring,
And hark'd his temples in Jasper's spring;
The rattling bullets he heard with joy,
For he was a wild Green Mountain boy.

Ho! ye who boast 'neath a Southern sun,
Have ye a greater than Bennington?
Or sleep your fathers in glory now
Above the dead upon Bunker's brow?
Your martial spirits, in days gone by,
Knew how the men of the North could die;
And the haughtiest sneer cannot destroy
The fame of the wild Green Mountain boy.

My heart in its morning dream aspires
To reach the fame of thy mountain sires,
To spring to the battle's signal note,
And bid the flag of thy glory float;
And I would haste from the mountain glen
To join the children of Marion's men;
And loud the valleys should peal my joy,
For I am a wild Green Mountain boy.

John Randolph of Roanoke.

The following description of this remarkable
person, we find in the National Intelligencer:

His long thin legs, about as thick as a
strong walking cane, and of much such a
shape were encased in a pair of tight small
clothes, so tight that they seemed part
and parcel of the limbs of the wearer. Hand-
some white stockings were fastened with
great tidiness at the knees by a small gold
buckle, and over them, coming about half
way up the calf, were a pair of what, I
believe, are called hose, coarse and country
knit. He wore shoes.—They were
old fashioned, and fastened also with
buckles, huge ones. He trod like an In-
dian, without turning his toes out, but
planking them down straight ahead. It
was the fashion in those days to wear a
faint coat, with a small collar, and but-
tons far apart behind, and few on the
breast. Mr. Randolph's were the reverse
of all this, and, instead of his coat be-
ing fan-tailed, it was what we believe,
the knights of the needle call swallow-
tailed; the collar was immensely large,
the buttons behind were in kissing proxi-
mity, and they sat together as close on
the breast of the garments as the fasteners
at a crowded festival. His waist was
remarkably slender; so slender that,
as he stood with his arms akimbo, he
could easily, as I thought, with his long
bony fingers, have spanned it. Around
him his coat, which was very tight, was
held together by one button, and, in con-

sequence, an inch or more of tape, to
which it was attached, was perceptible
where it was pulled through the cloth.
About his neck he wore a large white
cravat, in which his chin was occasion-
ally buried as he moved his head in con-
versation; no shirt collar was perceptible;
every other person seemed to pride him-
self upon the size of his, as they were
then worn large.—Mr. Randolph's com-
plexion was precisely that of a mummy,
withered, saffron, dry, and bloodless; yet
you could not have placed a pin's point
on his face where you would not have
touched a wrinkle; his lips were thin,
compressed and colorless; the chin, beard-
less as a boy's, was broad for the size of
his face, which was small; his nose was
straight, with nothing remarkable in it, ex-
cept perhaps too short. He wore a fur
cap, which he took off, standing a few
moments uncovered. I observed that his
head was quite small, a characteristic,
which is said to have marked many men
of talent, Byron and Chief Justice Mar-
shall, for instance. Judge Burnett, of
Cincinnati, who has been alike distin-
guished at the bar, on the bench, and in
the United States Senate, and who, I have
heard no less a judge and possessor of ta-
lent than Mr. Hammond, of the Gazette,
said, was the clearest and most impressive
speaker he ever heard, has also a very
small head. Mr. Randolph's hair was re-
markably fine—fine as an infant's, and
thin. It was very long, and was parted
with great care on the top of his head,
and was tied behind with a bit of black
ribbon about three inches from his neck;
the whole of it formed a queue not thick-
er than the little finger of a delicate
girl. His forehead was low, but no
bumpology about it; but his eye, though
sunken, was most brilliant and startling
in its glance. It was not an eye of pro-
found, but impulsive and passionate
thought, with an expression, at times,
such as physicians describe to be that of
insanity, but an insanity which seemed to
quicken, not destroy, intellectual acuteness.
I never beheld an eye that struck me
more. It possessed a species of fasci-
nation, such as would make you wonder
over the character of its possessor, with-
out finding any clue in your own dream-
ing to discover it, except that he was passion-
ate and fearless. He lifted his long, bony
finger impressively as he conversed, and
gesticulated with it in a peculiar manner.
—His whole appearance struck me, and
I could easily imagine how, with his
great command of language, so appropri-
ate and full, so brilliant and classical,
joined to the vast information his dis-
cursive oratory enabled him to exhibit in
its fullest extent, from the storehouse of
which the vividness of his imagination
was always pointing out a happy analogy,
or bitter sarcasm, that startled the more
from the fact that his hearers did not per-
ceive it until the look, tone and finger
brought it down with the suddenness of
lightning, and with its effects, upon the
head of his adversary; taking all this in-
to consideration, I could easily imagine
how, when almost a boy, he won so
much fame, and preserved it so long and
with so vast an influence, notwithstanding
the eccentricity and simplicity of his life,
public and private.

"I remember hearing two anecdotes of
Randolph, which strikingly type his
character.—One exhibits his cynical rudeness
and disregard for the feelings of others—
in fact, a wish to wound their feelings—
and the other his wit. I do not vouch
for their accuracy, but I give them as I
have frequently heard them, as perhaps
the reader.

Once, when Randolph was in the city
of Baltimore, he was in the daily habit
of frequenting the bookstore of one of the
largest booksellers in the place. He made
some purchases from him, and was very
curious in looking over his books, &c. In
the course of Mr. Randolph's visits he
became very familiar with Mr. B—, the
bookseller, and they had long chats
together; the orator of Roanoke showing
off with great courtesy. Mr. B— was
quite a pompous man, and rather vain of
his acquaintance with the lions who used
to stop in his shop. Subsequently, being
in Washington with a friend, he espied
Randolph advancing towards him, and
told his friend he would introduce him to
the "great man." His friend, however,
knowing the waywardness of Randolph,
declined. "Well," said Mr. B—, "I am
sorry you will not be introduced—I'll go
up and give him a shake of the hand at
any rate." Up he walked, with out-
stretched hand, to salute the cynic. The
aristocratic Republican (by the bye, how
often your thorough-going Republican is
a full blooded aristocrat in his private re-
lations) immediately threw his hands be-
hind him, as if he could not "dall his
bony fingers," in that way, and gazed searchingly
in the face of the astonished bookseller.
"Oh, oh!" said he, as if recollecting him-

self, "you are Mr. B—, from Balti-
more?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "A
bookseller?" "Yes, sir," again. "Ah!
I bought some books from you!" "Yes,
sir, you did." "Did I forget you to pay
for them?" "No, sir, you did not."
"Good morning, sir," said the orator,
lifting his cap with offended dignity, and
passing on. This anecdote does not show
either Randolph's goodness of head or
heart, but it shows his character.

The other anecdote is as follows: The
Hon. Peter —, who was a watchmaker,
and who had represented B— county
for many years in Congress, once made a
motion to amend a resolution offered by
Randolph, on the subject of military
claims. Mr. Randolph rose up after the
amendment had been offered, and drawing
his watch from his fob, asked the Hon.
Peter what o'clock it was. He told him.
"Sir," replied the orator, "you can mend
my watch, but not my motions.—You
understand *tactics*, sir, but not *tactics*!"
That, too, was a fine retort, when, af-
ter he had been speaking, several mem-
bers rose in succession to attack him.
"Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I am in
the condition of old Lear—"

"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blah, and Sweetheart,
See—they bark at me!"

From the Columbia Spy.

DEATH.

BY S. MOORE SHUTE, PHILADELPHIA.

"Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread on empire, and to quench the stars,
The Sun himself by thy permission shines,
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his
sphere." Yucco.

It is a truth, as evident to the minds of
all intelligent beings, as that one thinks
and exists, that at some period in the im-
mutable and eternal administration of the
Deity's will—*man must die*. And it is
equally evident, that *all* must experience
the same fate. At the period in which
the great, uncreated spirit of the Almighty,
breathed the vivifying flame through the
damp bed of Chaos, this was as equally
manifest in the statute book of His will,
as now: and one generation may rise,
flourish, and return to its former self—
and another, and another, and man still
hide the mandate of the grim-visaged
monarch. 'Tis not in human impotence
to flee his power! The hand, that on the
georgic fane of Babylon's impious
King did st "Tekel" write—permits not
a single moment to speed its flight, with-
out witnessing his glory lance, bathed in
the life blood of earth's wretched sons.
And thus the bright, and beautiful of
earth, the proudest, and the humblest of
her numerous population, feel alike the
imperial power of Death.

And yet, notwithstanding the certainty
of such a fate to each and every created
mortal, man generally, heeds not this fix-
ed fiat, but with a blindness, (a principle
yet to be accounted for) rushes on through
life, and awakens to the reality of the
frightful abyss he is leaping into, only in
the very act—

It is a strange absurdity! In the very
moment in which we have lisped a par-
ent's name, emanates the truth of this
dread reality. Not a day, from our in-
fancy to the tomb, but that brings its les-
son of human frailty: and the means of
the bereaved friends and relatives, tell still
more forcibly the fate of universal man.
Yet it produces no lasting effect. We
still dream of pleasures eternal, paint
upon our glowing imagination the bright
prospects of future bliss: build our tower-
ing projects on an airy basis: and be-
fore we have sufficiently shaken off all
this drowsy, visionary sloth, sink into
the opening tomb, and are forgotten.—
"That man must die, that

"Mortalia facta peribant,"

is a truth which has been demonstrated
throughout every hour, of nearly six
thousand years. He spreads his sable
wings not only over one portion of the
globe, at one period, but over all, during
all periods he hurls his mighty shafts not
only upon the heads of distant strangers,
but strikes off from being, those bound to
us by the dearest ties of nature; he
breathes his foetid breath, not only over
the moss crowned roof of the humble cot,
but rears o'er the ruins of the lofty dome.
Nothing can be shielded from his might:

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Draw aside the vale that has so long
hung over the Past! Recall the shades
of departed centuries! Bid them unroll
the dusty records of things long since
forgotten! Loose the imagination from
her moorings, and bid her course, but
through a portion of our earth! And tell
me of that which hath not or which can-
not ever feel his corroding touch! Where
are the mighty nations who flourished in
the Past? Where their great chiefs?
Lethe's waves rest o'er their forgotten

sites, and desolation broods o'er their
mighty ruins!

Nineveh stood for centuries, yet she
hath gone! Babylon, her relative, flour-
ished long in all the splendour of original
greatness; reared her brazen gates, and
her towering walls to the clouds; yet—
where is she? Gone! her walls have
crumbled into dust: her gates are eaten
by the rust of age; her people lie amidst
her almost buried ruins: *all*, that once
was great or glorious of her, hath per-
ished!

"Such now is Babylon! A dwelling place
For beasts and monsters, as the prophets said:
A desert where the owl and ostrich meet,
The lion stalks in gloomy sovereignty,
The bittern finds a marsh, a stagnant pool,
Left by the flood within her cavities;
Serpents and creeping things, and reptiles, now
Dwell in the caves of mouldering Babylon!"

Where too is Greece, once mighty and
glorious in all that enoble and dignify a
nation? Where her great cities? Athens
as she *was*, never can be! Where her
heroes and statesmen, her philosophers
and poets? Themistocles and Aristides,
long since have gone to the pale nations
of the dead. Solon *was*, but is not. The
philosophy of Socrates shed a bright halo
around the classic solitudes of his un-
grateful city, but he has gone! Philoso-
phy weaves no more her garland o'er his
brow, and she wept, when the spirit of
her votary fled! The glowing strains
which Homer sung, still live; but where
is he? The solitary paths of Athens,
echo no more to the voice of her bard,
but list to the owl's wail! "The wrath
of Achilles," still lives but cannot for-
ever.—Death knows no superior!

Where too is Rome—the seven hill'd
city? She sits a "Niobe of Nations."
Long since has her Parthenon fallen, and
the lofty walls of her capitol crumbled to
dust! Her poets and her orators no longer
live, and the once proud mistress of the
world, exists but in the tales of other
times!

"The double night of ages, and of her [wrapt,
Night's daughter, ignorance hath wrapt and
All round us: We but feel our way to err.
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on our ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer,
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near."

The Gold Watch.

"Father," said Cornelia Woodley, one
night at tea, "Rachel Ashley has got a
gold watch."

"Well, what inference do you draw
from that fact?"

"Why, the very natural one, that I
ought to be equally well provided for."

"Exactly so. But what shall we do
with your cousin Emily? Surely she
ought to have a watch also. It would
not look well for you to sport one and
she destitute."

Cornelia looked disconcerted, but her
cousin, Emily Layton, a retired and am-
iable girl, interposed and begged that Cor-
nelia might be gratified without regard to
herself.

"Well," continued Woodley, "how
shall we manage this affair? I am ill
able to purchase a watch, without doing
injustice to my creditors."

Tears were the only response of Cor-
nelia. The night passed gloomily away,
but ere the family had retired to repose,
Emily and her uncle had an interesting
conference. The following evening there
was to be a grand party, to which Cor-
nelia and Emily were invited. The gay
and fashionable were there, but Cornelia
neither saw or thought of but one. Thad-
deus Lacy was her "bright and particu-
lar star," and well worthy was he of the
preference. It was to attract his atten-
tion that the gold watch was wanted. It
was for his eye that Cornelia had dis-
played all her charms. The next day
found Thaddeus a visitor at Mr. Wood-
ley's. Cornelia exulted in a conquest.
Every day found him, whom she was
proud to have conquered, a guest at her
father's. Attention, so particular, de-
manded an explanation of its object. It
was made, most unexpectedly to some
concerned, if not all, by a declaration of
love to the unpretending Emily Layton
instead of to the expecting Cornelia
Woodley! A scene, followed, readily
imagined by the reader. The worst be-
lieved known, a few weeks served to blunt
the edge of disappointment sufficiently to
make the announcement of the wedding
day less hazardous than might have been
expected from the first outpourings of
Miss Woodley's grief. The day came
that was to convert Miss Layton to Mrs.
Lacy, when to behold she wore the
identical watch that her cousin had ex-
hibited at the party. Was it a present?
Far from it. It was the gift of a departed
mother to Emily, but her restrained cir-
cumstances had prevented her from ever
exhibiting it in public. She had pressed
it on her kind cousin knowing his inabil-
ity to gratify her cousin without seriously
inconveniencing himself. This act of gen-
erosity had been communicated to Corne-

lia, who, though deeply chagrined at first,
finally insisted on restoring the watch to
the owner. This she did with much
grace, declaring to her cousin that she
had learned that however desirable a gold
watch might be, it required something
else to lead captive an intelligent and
worthy man. That in future she should
endeavor to deserve respect, rather by an
amiable and correct deportment than by
the glitter of a gold time keeper and even
that borrowed!

The pledge was redeemed. The vanity
of Cornelia departed, and long before
she approached a certain age, she was
worthily married. She often
reverts to her young days, but never
without merriment at the folly that in-
duced the hope of catching an admired
and sensible man by the pompous dis-
play of a gold watch.

If any who read this are troubled with
the watch fever, it is hoped they will so
profit by the relation as not to imagine
that external decorations can compete
successfully with the gems that encircle
a well constituted mind. These will
ever bear away the palm with discreet
and sensible men, and it should be a
source of high consolation to the com-
paratively poor, to reflect that these em-
bellishments of the mind are within their
reach although the tinsel ornaments of
the body may greatly transcend their lim-
ited means. Let all such remember the
"gold watch," and strive to deserve the
good fortune of Emily Layton.

From the Boston Transcript.

Can she Spin.

This question was asked by James I.
when a young girl was presented to him,
and the person who introduced her boast-
ed of her proficiency in the ancient lan-
guages. "I can assure your Majesty,"
said he, "that she can both speak and
write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew."

"These are rare attainments for a dam-
sel," said James, "but, pray, tell me, can
she spin?"

Many of the young ladies of the pre-
sent day can boast of their skill in the
fine arts and polite accomplishments, in mu-
sic, painting, dancing, but can they spin?
or, what is more appropriate to the times
and the modern improvements of labor-
saving machinery, it may be asked, can they
perform the domestic duties of a wife? do
they understand the management of house-
hold affairs? Are they capable of super-
intending, in a judicious, prudent, and
economical manner, the concerns of a fam-
ily?

A young lady may be learned in the
ancient and modern languages, may have
made extraordinary proficiency in every
branch of literature; this is all very well,
and very creditable, and to a certain class
of the community, who are not obliged,
as was St. Paul, "to labor with their
own hands," is all that is absolutely re-
quisite, but to a much larger portion of
the community, it is of far greater conse-
quence to know whether they can spin?

It is of more importance to a young
mechanic, or merchant, or one of any
other class of people who depend upon
their own industry and exertions, if he
marries a wife, to have one who knows
how to spin or perform other domestic
duties, than one whose knowledge does
not extend beyond a proficiency in litera-
ture and the fine arts.

It has often been said that the times
are strangely altered; and certain it is
that the people are. It was once thought
honorable to be constantly employed in
some useful avocation; but now-a-days it
is thought more honorable to be idle.
People complain of the high prices of the
necessaries of life, and with much truth.
But if the amount of idleness could be
calculated accurately throughout the com-
munity, allowing the drones half price for
their services, which they might perform,
and which others are paid for, it might be
a safe calculation to estimate it equal to
all that is expended for provision and
marketing in the United States. So it is
not a little inconsistent to hear parents
complain about the price of provision,
when they bring up their daughters to
walk the streets and spend.

Let the fair daughters of our country
imitate the industrious matrons of the
past. The companions of those who
fought in the Revolution were inured to
hardships, and accustomed to necessary
toil, and thus did they educate their
daughters. Health, contentment, and
plenty smiled around the family altar.
The damsel who understood most thor-
oughly and economically the manage-
ment of domestic affairs, and was not
afraid to put her hands into the washing
tub, or to "lay hold of the distaff," for
fear of destroying their elasticity, and
diminishing their snowy whiteness, was
sought by the young men of those days
as a fit companion for life, but in modern
times to learn the mysteries of the house-
hold would make our fair ones faint away;

and to labor comes not into the code of
modern gentility.

Industry and frugality will her
cheerfulness and contentment, and a
contented wife tends greatly to soften the
asperities and smooth the rough path in
a man's journey through life. It has
been truly said, a pleasant and cheerful
wife is a rainbow in the sky, when the
husband's mind is tossed with storms and
tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful
wife, in the hour of trouble, is like a thun-
der cloud, charged with electric fluid.

A Good Story.

Mrs. V., consort and help-mate of Mr.
V., merchant of New York, was a very
economical woman, and, if the eulogist
was not mistaken, had a very strong ap-
ron. The circumstances narrated by the
friend of Mrs. V. were as follows: Mr.
V. a merchant in affluent circumstances,
did a heavy business, and conducted all
his affairs with the utmost regularity.
Every department of business was com-
pletely systematized; every family ex-
penditure was restricted to regular daily
appropriations, and no surer is the sailing
master of a ship to make his observation,
work his traverse, and ascertain his exact
latitude and longitude every noon, than
was Mr. V. to have his accounts nicely
balanced, and ascertain whereabouts in
business every night. But wise, prudent,
and punctilious as he was, he could not
withstand the temptation to overtrading
during one of the great paper expansions,
and when the revulsion came, he found
himself embarrassed beyond all his ef-
forts to extricate himself. He had stood
firm as a rock, while some of the most
reputable houses trembled to ruins around
him, but he could not collect money due
him from his best customers, and there
was one remaining note of ten thousand
dollars, that would fall due in a few days,
and he could devise no way to meet it.—
The notice came from the bank, but three
days remained, and every resource failed.
The first of these three days was spent
in fruitless attempts to borrow. The
second was fruitlessly spent in trying to
force a sale of goods. Nobody had any
money to lend—nobody had any money
to purchase goods at any price. Failure
presented itself before him with all its
frightfulness.

The day of grace arrived, and horror
was depicted in his countenance. Mrs.
V. knew nothing of his troubles, and on
perceiving him evidently in great distress
of mind, she insisted on knowing what
was the cause of his trouble. It was
folly to conceal his ruin from her, and he
condescended to make her acquainted
with the cause of his misery. How
mild, she enquired, will save you from
failure? Ten thousand dollars, he replied,
will pay my last note in bank; but for
want of this I must suffer the disgrace of
having my note protested, assign my
property for the benefit of my creditors,
and suffer my name to go to the world as
a bankrupt. Is this all? said she. Why
bless me, my dear Mr. V., I can supply
you with that sum without going out of
the house. Not waiting to hear the ques-
tion he was prepared to ask, she tripped
up stairs, and in less time than I have
occupied in telling the story, she returned
with seventeen thousand dollars all in
change, which she had saved within a
few years from her daily allowance of
market money.

All who heard the recital of this cir-
cumstance by the friend of Mrs. V. were
highly delighted with it, save one sharp-
nosed, slab-sided Yankee, who would not
believe, though an angel had told it, till
he had applied the test of figures to it,
to ascertain its probability.—As he finish-
ed his calculations, and was in the act of
returning his pencil to his pocket, he
burst into a roar of laughter. All eyes
were turned on him, and the narrator de-
manded what he meant by such unbecom-
ing deportment!—"Notin' at all, stranger,"
said the calculator, "only I was thinkin'
what a tarnation strong apron that are woman
must a had on to bring seventeen thousand
dollars worth of change down stairs. I've
ciphered it out on this here paper, and it
will weigh just half a ton if there ain't a
single copper among the whole on't."—
Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

COURTING SCENE.—"Jonathan, did you
read that are story about the man as was
hugged to death by the bear?"
"Gess I did, Sewke, and it did make
me feel so bad."

"Why, how did you feel, Jonathan?"
"Kind'er sorter as if I'd like to hug
you cema most to death, tew, you tarna,
nice, plump, elegant little critter, you,
Sewke."

"O la! Go away—you Jonathan."

SAVAGE FOOD.—There is a lady in
New York who will not permit her chil-
dren to eat any thing of which *Indian*
meal constitutes an ingredient, for fear it
will make them savage.